

REPAIRS IN THE CITY.

Gentle Work by the Cavalry

Under General Stoneman.

Crossing a Swollen Stream Under

Pierce and Galling Fire.

Horses Entangled in Coils of Telegraph

Wire Twisted by the Enemy.

Early in the spring of '63, when General

Flores had succeeded General Burnside in

the command of the Army of the Potomac,

the headquarters of the several regiments

of the cavalry into a separate and independent

corps, and placed General Stoneman at

its head, he conceived a plan which, if it

could be executed, and which the cavalry

was to take the principal part in, would

force Lee to evacuate his strong position

in the vicinity of Fredericksburg and to fall

back upon Richmond. Accordingly the

cavalry, 10,000 strong, was ordered to

leave its camp about Falmouth and Belle

Plain, and proceeded up the left bank of

the Rappahannock.

About noon of the second day, despite the

interminable mud, we reached the bridge

where the Orange & Alexandria railway

crosses the river. Here we found a force of

the enemy, how many we knew not, well

intrenched on the opposite side, in close

enough proximity to the bridge and for-

ward so that both were easily covered by

their rifles. General Stoneman resolved to

secure the bridge and crossed with great

delay, the cavalry, and some of the infantry

to have crossed here, and our destination

was the Confederate communications of

Lee's army with Richmond. General Kil-

patrick was ordered to lead the main

movement, and the First Maine was ordered

to execute it.

Four companies were dismounted and

ordered to cross the bare bridge, while two

companies, if it was possible, were to

cross the bridge by the opposite side, in

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ROMANCE OF THE ROSE.

Legend and History Redolent

of the Flower's Fragrance.

Originally White and Thenceless—

Dyed with the Nightingale's Blood.

A Mishap to Cupid Once Caused It to

Be Endowed with Thorns.

(August Compositum.)

A traveler, passing through Persia, so

the story goes, chanced to take into his hand

a lump of clay. To his surprise it exhaled

a delicious perfume. "Thou art a poor

lump of clay," said he, "yet how sweet

thou art. Whence comes this delicious

fragrance?" The clay replied: "I have

been dwelling with the rose." "And

the roses have a myth concerning

Vishnu, one of the trinity of 'bright Aryan

Sirs,' that he discovered his wife, Padma

Siri, in the heart of a rose. The Persian

Glebeys say that when Vishnu came to

his infant prophet Abraham was

cast into fire, the glowing bed of coals was

turned instantly into a bed of roses,

whereon the child sweetly slumbered.

The Greeks give the rose a lover in the

person of Zephyr, the son of the dawn, who

discovered the rose in bud and caressed it

when it unfolded to his wooing. The Persians

make love to the nightingale and

rose—the bulb and the girl. Originally

the Persian poet Jami, the nightingale in

the order of his love pressed his breast

against the thorn of the rose, and from

her delicate petals with his flowing blood.

Another account is that Venus, fearing for

her lover Adonis the vengeance of Mars,

hid him in a thicket of roses.

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